

*The contention of the two famous Houses,*

*Standly.* Madam let's go vnto some house heereby,  
Where you may shift your selfe before we go.

*Elnor.* Ah good sir Iohn, my shame cannot be hid,  
Nor put away with casting off my sheete:  
But come let vs go, master Sheriffe farewell,  
Thou hast but done thy office as thou shouldst.

*Exit omnes*

*Enter to the Parliament.*

*Enter two Heralds before, then the Duke of Buckingham, the Duke of  
Suffolke, and then the Duke of Yorke, and the Cardinall of Winche-  
ster, and then the King and the Queene, and then the Earle of Sa-  
lisbury, and the Earle of Warwicke.*

*King.* I wonder our Vnkle Gloster stayes so long.

*Queene.* Can you not see? or will you not perceiue,  
How that ambitious Duke doth vse himselfe?

The time hath beene, but now the time is past,  
That none so humble as Duke Humfrey was:  
But now let one meete him euen in the morne,  
When euery one will giue the time of day,

Yet he will neither moue nor speake to vs.  
See you not how the Commons follow him  
In troopes, crying, God saue the good Duke Humfrey,  
Honouring him as if he were their King?

Gloster is no little man in England,  
And if he list to stirre commotions,  
Tis likely that the people will follow him.

My Lord, if you imagine there is no such thing,  
Then let it passe, and call't a Womans feare.

My Lord of Suffolke, Buckingham, and Yorke,  
Disproue my allegations if you can,

And by your speeches, if you can reprove me,  
I will subscribe and say, I wrong'd the Duke.

*Suf.* Well hath your Grace foreseene into that Duke,  
And if I had beene licenc'd first to speake,  
I thinke I should haue told your Graces tale.

Smooth runnes the brooke, vvhetheras the streame is deepest.

No,

*Yorke and Lancaster.*

No, no, my Soueraigne, Gloster is a man  
Vnfounded yet, and full of deepe deceite.

*Enter the Duke of Somerset.*

*King.* Welcome Lord Somerset, what newes from France?

*Somer.* Cold newes my Lord, and this it is.  
That all your holds and Townes within those Territories  
Is ouercome my Lord; all is lost.

*King.* Cold newes indeede Lord Somerset,  
but Gods will bee done.

*Yorke.* Cold newes for me, for I had hope of France,  
Euen as I haue of fertile England.

*Enter Duke Humfrey.*

*Hum.* Pardon my Liege, that I haue staide so long.

*Suf.* Nay Gloster know, that thou art come too soone,  
Vnlesse thou proue more loyall then thou art,  
We do arrest thee on high Treason heere.

*Hum.* Why Suffolkes Duke thou shalt not see me blush,  
Nor change my countenance for thine arrest  
Whereof I am guilty, who are my accusers?

*Yorke.* Tis thought my lord your grace took bribes from Frâce,  
And stopt the soldiers of their pay,  
Through which his Maiesty hath lost all France.

*Hum.* Is it but thought so? And who are they that thinke so?  
So God me helpe, as I haue watcht the night,  
Euer intending good for England still,  
That peny that euer I tooke from France,  
Be brought against me at the iudgement day.

I neuer rob'd the soldiers of their pay,  
Many a pound of mine owne proper cost  
Haue I sent ouer for the soldiers wants,  
Because I would not racke the needie Commons.

*Car.* In your Protectorship you did deuise  
Strange torments for offenders, by which meanes  
England hath beene defam'd by tyrannie.

*Hum.* Why tis well knowne, that whilst I was Protector  
Pitty was all the fault that was in me:  
A murderet or foule felonious Theefe,

That